

Picture of the Week: January 12, 2015 – The Sails Within

Hope your week is off to a pleasant start. If it's not, don't worry, there's more than enough time for that to change. I thought I'd share a personal story of disappointment this past week (or bamboozling to look at it in a light-hearted way).

I found a writing job online which said it paid \$50 an hour for the work. This was a remote job, as the majority of the work is from this online job site. The company who posted the \$50 an hour job also had another job for less pay. I applied to both jobs because they seemed to match my skills and interests, not to mention the pay rate. I got an email from the company the next day saying they'd like to have an interview over Skype about both positions.

I was really excited, as I thought about the possibility of having a full-time writing job that paid well, and perhaps would allow me to uproot and move overseas for a short while (the number one thing on my list I've wanted to do for years).

During the interview, I received more information about the job. It was four articles per day minimum and for five days every week. The interviewer said it took about two hours for each 500-word article. The topics varied from health and fitness to writing and public speaking. The work hours were flexible too.

It seemed I was going to be selected for the job until I decided to ask about pay. I mentioned I'd applied for two jobs with the organization, and I wasn't sure which one I was getting. The interviewer asked me about my pay rate, which I found odd since he listed the rate in the job post. I told him the rates I wanted, as per what was posted for the jobs.

Then the "stuff" hit the fan. The interviewer said his job post was a mistake, and writers were not paid hourly. In fact, they're not paid \$50 per hour, they're paid \$50 per 10,000 words. In other words, about \$8 per day, if I wrote four quality articles or maybe \$16 per day if I worked fast enough.

I didn't take the job, and I'm wondering if I should mention something to the job site. This might be another lesson of the possible booby traps of online work. I've always found jobs I liked through people I know, except retail because you know, it's retail. :)

I didn't realize how disappointed I was until I continued with the rest of my day. My outlook on life was a little more pessimistic, and I wondered where else to look for viable writing opportunities that matched my skills and interests, as well as paid the rate I deserved. I took a few yoga classes to help dissipate my disappointment and meditated on it.

What I found was rather simple. Don't ignore disappointment, but don't let it alter your view on life either. What made me feel better? Other than a delicious Indian buffet with a friend? ;) I went back to working on my other writing assignments. They're not compensated- yet, but I have the freedom to write what truly speaks to me, and I'm published for it. Even deeper than that, I'm writing from love and my heart. That doesn't always equal money, but doing anything with love transmutes everything. And by faith I believe love brings about infinite rewards. Sometimes my faith has been shaky, but I'm constantly working to pull it together. It always seems faith is required most in the most inconvenient times huh?

So I intend that with love, the opportunities that come my way are not like the one I just spoke of, but if they are, I decline the opportunity and move on. Eventually, something has to present itself as the real deal, not the "wolf in sheep's clothing." I'm not in the place to make space for what doesn't serve my highest good. None of us should be. We deserve too much.

Remember this...



At the end of the day, tell yourself gently:
"I love you, you did the best you could today,
and even if you didn't accomplished all you
had planned, I love you anyway."

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~ François

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The answer is to be and do everything in love no matter what.